



AND

Weekly Register.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1804.

THE HISTORY OF

Netterville :

A CHANCE PEDESTRIAN.

CHAPTER II.

My ever dear Lewisham,

EVEN now, in this awful moment, when I am enveloped in pain, misery, and anguish ; when I feel myself rapidly advancing towards eternity, and when the mind casts an anxious retrospection on its past conduct, and trembles at the thoughts of futurity ; even in this awful moment, the fond affection I have ever experienced for you, is still the leading feature in my character : every vibration of my heart is directed towards you, and a painful fear is awakened, that I am doomed to behold you no more, if the presentiment (which, in spite of every effort to subdue it continues to pervade my mind) be accomplished : if I have seen you, my son, for the last time, let this short letter speak as from the tomb ; treasure up my parting advice, as the last best legacy of unalienable affection. You are descended, I trust, nobly ; yet, perhaps, you are destined to pass through life in obscurity, and fall at last, as I have unfortunately done, undistinguished, and almost unlamented, into oblivion. Yet reflect, that though you may be neglected in this world, the Almighty will not suffer your works to perish : and the "Recording Angel" will write, in legible characters, every effort of self-denial and patience. I have learnt, my son, in the rigid school of misfortune, many a hard lesson, and am con-

vinced that virtue and religion alone, can soften the hour of pain ; can reconcile us to the near approach of death. Ah, let me conjure you, by the affection which has so long bound us to each other—by the sorrows which have been lightened by mutual participation—by the miseries which, though ignorant of their source, you have so often soothed, never, whatever be your distress, to swerve from that strict line of integrity I have ever instructed you to pursue : let not the boundary between virtue and vice be once broken down.—Alas ! every successive stage towards degradation will be found easier of descent, and you will ultimately fall "like stars, which set to rise no more." Reflect also, that every resistance which we make towards a vicious inclination, though painful in the beginning, is amply rewarded by conscience, that never failing monitor, whose voice cannot be silenced without remorse. Let not the ardency of passion, the fervour of imagination, the impetuosity of youth, mislead you. Call to your aid an excellent understanding, and your delighted father will look down from happier regions, rejoicing to behold you accomplish the bright picture, which fond parental solicitude has so often portrayed. May God for ever bless and keep you, and may his goodness, which for wise purposes separates us on earth reunite us in the regions of unchangeable felicity. When you have time and opportunity, you will find, by examining my papers at Bam borough, that I have nothing to leave you but three poor hundred pounds, which will barely, with rigid economy, continue you in the University until you may be enabled to take orders. Yet Lewisham, it is my all ; it has been preserved for you with much

labour, and is the wreck of better, happier days. One baneful planet has shed its hateful influence over my life ; it opened in the morning of my days, it burst in horror on the splendour of my manhood, and has darkened, with unceasing gloom, the old age, which it prematurely. O God ! in bending to thy will, in raising my eyes to thy goodness, in lifting up my hand as an evening sacrifice, in prostrating my heart before thee, have I found consolation ! And thou, my Lewisham, under the Omnipotent, wert the irradiating star, which assisted in composing my mind ; and though you are not my real son, I flatter myself the ties of blood could add no increase of affection to that which has ever subsisted between us.—Adieu then for ever ! beloved child of my affection !—son of my choice !

"LEWISHAM NETTERVILL.

"At Bam borough, inclosed with my will, you will find every document I could procure of your birth."

After many pauses, Lewisham concluded this letter ; a deep sigh, followed by a convulsive sob, agitated his bosom as he folded it, and, with trembling hands, placed it near his heart. The ardent spirit of true piety, which breathed through the whole of it, infused itself insensibly into his breast, while his whole soul melted at the fond affection which had prompted the trembling hand to this last effort of sincere attachment. "Yes, my more than father," exclaimed he ; "thy precepts shall be the rule of my conduct ; the remembrance of thy affection, the cordial balm which shall sweeten my existence ! Ah, how thankful ought I to be to that Providence who thus amply supplied to me the loss of parents." This last sentence brought to his

memory the probability that he might, one day or other, find these parents, and restore himself to their tenderness; and these thoughts afforded a wide field for imagination to range in. Insensibly, he again recurred to his lamented friend, again regretted his own irreparable loss; and mourned that death which was certainly to the Lieutenant a release from care. Lewisham, after a few days, grew resigned to his loss; and having settled the few debts incurred by the illness and demise of his friend, he prepared to quit K—, when he recollected that politeness demanded he should wait on Mrs. Walsingham, and he accordingly sallied forth to pay his respects to that lady. Mrs. Walsingham received him with more than politeness; her conduct and manner wore the semblance of friendship; she invited him to partake of a family dinner, and what was rather extraordinary, our hero accepted the invitation, although he had previously resolved to go that night to Bath, in his way back to Oxford. There was nothing surprising in the sentiments delivered by Miss Walsingham; there was no uncommon interest betrayed in her manner; Lewisham had seen many women more beautiful:—yet what was rather remarkable, he made no mention of his intended departure; and as he walked back to the Inn, he thought of no one object but Clara, the sweet Clara, Mrs. Walsingham's daughter. Day after day elapsed, and found Lewisham still at K—, and at the house of Mrs. Walsingham: week after week stole on, and he still lingered, still protracted his removal; when at length the alarming state of his finances roused him from the lethargy in which he had been so long involved, and convinced him of the necessity of going instantly to Bamborough, as without that necessary evil, money, he feared he should find the University an unpleasant resort;—and this necessity first opened his eyes to a consciousness of the regret he should experience in quitting Mrs. Walsingham and her daughter, and a conviction that the tender sympathy expressed for his misfortunes by the latter, had left an impression on his heart, which time could never erase. Clara Walsingham was not regularly beautiful; yet her face had in it that touching expression of blended dignity, grace, sensibility, vivacity, and energy, which made it almost impossible for a young man, like Lewisham, to be frequently in her company without being sensible of her attractions;

—her form was rather below the middle size, her limbs were remarkably small, and an agreeable “*enbonne point*,” gave a roundness to her figure which much increased its beauty; her complexion was remarkably delicate, her eyes blue, “her pure and eloquent blood spoke in her cheek, to such perfection wrought, that one might almost say her body thought.” Mrs. Walsingham also bore the remains of eminent loveliness; and though the bloom of the portrait had been faded by disappointment, and cankered by care, yet the graces, which time and misfortune had insensibly stolen from her face and form, had one by one been gathered to an understanding originally of the first class; and while affliction had almost imperceptibly undermined her health, and blighted her cheek, it had lent a suavity to her manners, and an enthusiasm to her heart, which could not fail to be attractive to the inexperience of youth. From society so delightful, from sympathy so seducing, was it possible for Netterville to tear himself away without regret? Was it possible he could quit, the gentle fascinating Clara, without revealing to her the sentiments of love and esteem, his heart was fraught with; uncertain whether he should ever behold her more, or whether in their next interview, he might not behold her the wife of another; yet was it manly, was it honourable to return the generous kindness to Mrs. Walsingham, by seducing the affections of her only child; and could he friendless, fortuneless, almost without a name, ever hope that lady would sanction his love? Could he hope that the gentle Clara herself would condescend to share his poverty; and if she would, could he bear the imputation of self-interest? Could he bear to receive a maintenance from the object of his choice?—His resolution was in an instant fixed—“No,” cried he “never will I behold you my Clara, never will I again present myself before you, while one doubt remains of my birth; never will I seek your love, unless I am conscious you will not degrade yourself, by an alliance with me.”—And without giving himself time to cool, he sat down and penned the following letter:

“TO MRS. WALSHINGHAM.

“BELIEVE me, my dear madam, when I assure you, that I quit K—, impressed with the most fervent, and unalterable gratitude, for the benevolent kindness shewn by yourself and Miss Walsingham, to a poor forlorn wanderer;

and, believe also, that while his heart vibrates, it will never cease to pray for the happiness of Mrs. Walsingham and her Clara. Nothing but the deep and lasting regret, I must ever feel at a separation necessity demands, should have prevented personally paying my respects to you—but if ever I should hereafter become a favourite of fortune, I shall take the earliest opportunity of throwing myself at your feet, and expressing in person the respect, I am proud to say, you have inspired me with, and hope I shall not be found altogether unworthy of the friendship with which I have been honoured; in which hope I remain, dear madam,

“Your much obliged and obedient,
“L. Netterville.”

This letter did not by any means please the writer, yet he despaired of composing one more to his satisfaction; he therefore hastily folded it, and busied himself in preparations for his departure. Landlord Dobson entered just as his arrangements were concluded; and after many expressions of regret at the intended departure of his guest, he glanced his eye towards the direction of the billet-doux on the table, and proceeded to dangle for some time on the merits and demerits of Madam Walsingham, and Miss Clara—“To be sure, your honour,” continued he, shrugging up his shoulders, and winking significantly, “one doesn’t like to speak one’s mind too freely; but people *do* say strange things of them there ladies—and had it not been for a friend of mine, I verily believe no one would ever have *com’m’d* to the truth of it to their dying day—because why, they keeps every thing so close, their actions are all under the rose, as one may say.”—“But what did your friend find out, Mr. Dobson?” interrupted Lewisham, wishing to put an end to his circumlocution—“Why, that is the very thing,” replied Dobson, “I am going to tell your honour; my friend knows a thing or two; and he says, says he, neighbour Dobson, I knows an old gentleman, who knows an old lady, who knows for a *sartainty*, that this Madam Walsingham, is no other than the famous Mrs. R—, who was kep’d so many years ago by the Prince.” “Gracious Heavens!” exclaimed Lewisham, “What a vile fabrication is this; give me leave, Mr. Dobson, to assure you, in defiance of your friend, “who knows a *thing* or *two*,” that I am well acquainted with the person of the lady you mentioned; and I solemnly affirm,

Mrs. Walsingham has not the most distant resemblance of her."—"Well, Sir," replied the Seller of best Brown Stout, "that's no business of mine; like is like, and the best of us are not *obliged* to be infallible; and belike my friend is no pope; all I know is, and its no *thoft* of my own, that she is certainly a fal-lal, or keep'd Miss; and whether its a lord or a prince, who pays the piper, what's that to me, as I said before—because why, it's no business of mine—the girl is a fine girl, yet she needn't hold up her head so high; for if the old lady tips the perch, her price must come down—and for my part its a *thoft* of my own, I'd advise every one to sell their commodities while they are marketable." The blood mounted into the cheek of Lewisham at this profanation of the merits of his adored Clara, and casting a cool glance of angry contempt at his host, he said, "I would *advise* you, Mr. Dobson, not to make Mrs. Walsingham, and her daughter, the subject of your conversation; for if you do, you may depened upon it, you will one day, or other, repent your temerity—they are, it is true, above your censure, but you will take care to remember what I tell you." So saying, he took a candle from the table, and retired supperless to his own apartment, where, as I do not mean to describe my hero as a faultless being, I shall candidly inform my reader, that he flung himself on the bed, out of humour with himself, his host, and the whole world, and a prey to the most corroding apprehensions; for he could not, with all the sophistry he was master of, conceal from himself the mysterious silence Mrs. Walsingham always observed respecting her own affairs. He could not fail to remark, that during the frequent opportunities he had of conversing with her, he had dropped many hints of enquiry respecting her former life, which were uniformly repressed with coldness, if not displeasure, and always evaded with great caution; he had also observed that every hint on the subject had been succeeded on her part by a gloom, which destroyed all pleasure in her society—and on these occasions she would, for a short time, absent herself from company; yet, ere she returned, her countenance would have regained its usual placidity: this he had liberality enough to think might be occasioned by sorrow, not remorse.—"No" cried he, "it is impossible, Mrs. Walsingham is the worthiest of women, and of mothers; my Clara the gentlest, the loveliest of human be-

ings—it is almost profanation to doubt their purity!"—Yet doubt it he certainly did; for that restless anxiety, which is ever attendant on true love (while uncertain of a return,) would not suffer him to close his eyes; and, as soon as the morning dawned, he arose, and awaited, with a gloomy kind of patience, the arrival of the coach which was to bear him away from K—, from Clara, and from happiness!

As the vehicle rattled along the stones with poor Lewisham, he gazed almost unconsciously from the window; "his eye bent on vacancy;" his mind so absorbed in reflection, that he noticed not surrounding objects; when turning an angle in the road, a fair vision fled before him—the colour mounted to his cheek, the life-blood fluttered at his heart—it was Clara herself! He bent his body out of the carriage; he pressed his hand on his bosom, he fixed his eyes on her face, where a marked expression of surprise and regret was evidently pictured; until again, the road suddenly winding, he lost sight of her, and retiring within himself, he leaned back, and for some moments was lost in that delicious kind of reverie which a vivid imagination renders so delightful to a lover; a loud laugh from his companions broke the spell which fancy had imposed on his senses, and he now, for the first time, noticed a tall, boney-looking woman, apparently about forty years of age; the redness of whose face, carbuncled with many a gem, witnessed the potent libations which she had early paid to the shrine of Bacchus; and a little dirty-looking insignificant man, who appeared to be her "*caro sposa*."—"Mayhaps," said the latter, winking significantly his pair of small grey eyes, "mayhaps, young gentleman, you have parted with your sweetheart—but don't be chicken-hearted; Lord love you! I was quite down in the *cellar* myself once, but this kind soul took pity on me at last—didn't it, Deary?" added he, addressing his wife, and chucking her under the chin; "and now, God love you, we are as merry as the day is long, and as happy as flowers in May"—"Do now be quiet, John Jones," answered the lady, "you are always for hearing your own tongue—I warrant you I might have had a husband any day of the week, without looking at you; but its an old saying, and a very true one, "Go through the wood, and pick up with a rotten stick;" and after all my condescension, you are so jel-

lous of me, I can scarcely speak to any one—you are like a man *intosticated*, good fortune has overset you."—"Ah, deary!" returned John Jones, "thee knowest that I am not *natterly* of a *jellous* disposition, but"—"But what, sir?" interrupted his lady, flashing fire, and a deeper tinge overshadowing her cheek—"what d'ye mean to *insinniate*, John Jones?"—Mr. Jones mildly replied, "Come, *Lilly*, give me a buss—one of your sweet, dear, delicious busses, and I'll hold my tongue."—A loud smack announced the lady's compliance with his request, and an amnesty was agreed on, which lasted until the party were quietly set down at the White Lion, Bath, where we shall leave Lewisham for the present, wishing the reader may feel interested in his fate, and anxious to proceed to the next chapter for the continuation of his adventures.

THE FORCED STORY.

ANECDOTE OF LORD KELLY.

LORD Kelly was, like his prototype Falstaff, "not only witty himself, but the cause of wit in other men." Mr. Andrew Balfour, the Scottish advocate a man of considerable humor, accompanied by great formality of manners, happened to be one of a convivial party when his Lordship was at the head of the table. After dinner he was asked to sing, but absolutely refused to comply with the pressing solicitation of the company. At length Lord Kelly told him that he should not *escape*, he must either sing a song, tell a story, or drink a pint bumper. M. Balfour, being an abstemious man, chose rather to tell a story, than incur the forfeit. "One day (said he, in a pompous manner) a thief, in the course of his rounds, saw the door of a church invitingly open. He walked in, thinking that even *there*, he might lay hold of something. Having secured the pulpit cloth, he was retreating, when lo! he found the door shut. After some consideration, he adopted the only mean of escape left, namely to let himself down by the bell-rope. The bell of course rang, the people were alarmed, and the thief was taken, just as he reached the ground. When they were dragging him away, he looked up, and emphatically addressing the bell, *as I now address your Lordship*; "Had it not been," said he, "for your *long tongue*, and *empty head*, I had made my *escape*."

For the Philadelphia Repository.

THE SCRIBLER.—No. XIII.

Nihil est jam dictum, quod non sit prius dictum.

Terence.

THE want of originality in most modern writers has been a subject of much complaint and regret. It is a remark which will hold good with respect to authors, in every department of science, whether divines, philosophers, poets, or the writers who occasionally appear before the public with single essays. They may attempt to eulogise the virtues, and deprecate the vices of mankind, but do not perform more than hundreds before them have done, they do not place them in any new point of view, or advance any new arguments in support of, or against either; they are only imitators, and often fall far short of those whose track and manner they attempt to follow. ADDISON and STEELE, but particularly the former, have had numerous imitators, to equal them would undoubtedly have been the completion of their wishes; but if we ask the question, Who have attained that degree of perfection? we should find that very few are so fortunate. To obtain an elegant and correct style is one of the first things to be wished for, and may in part be acquired by close application, but there are many who though they should dedicate their days and nights to the volumes of ADDISON, would never make good writers, from not possessing that originality, which ever must distinguish them; a person may write page after page, and essay after essay, with little credit to himself; but he who can entitle himself to the praise of originality, and who exercises his talents in the promotion of virtue; in drawing aside the veil of prejudice and error, and in endeavouring to meliorate the condition of his fellow creatures, is surely worthy the praise of every person, whose praise can confer honour on those, on whom it is bestowed.

A desire to appear original and to excite attention has made many appear ridiculous; has caused many to advance arguments in support of the most sophistical opinions; to invent theories which, if brought into practice, would cause disorder, and wickedness in the world (even exceeding the height of depravity to which it has now arrived) and loosen the ties of every moral obligation in society. The opinions of GODWIN, spread over great part of the civilized world,

have caused great commotion; have been agreed to by some, by many ridiculed, and by others abhorred as destructive of every principle of virtue and morality. His "fine spun theories" have gained him great reputation as a writer of ingenuity and ability. WALKER in his "vagabond" has held them in the most ridiculous point of view, but they do not deserve that indiscriminate censure which he has applied to them. Whatever were his principles, writers have discovered great duplicity in asserting that he, and some others of the same class, were possessed of neither judgment nor talents.

As a moral writer, and original thinker, after ADDISON stands DR. JOHNSON; indeed his manner probably possesses more originality than the former. The latter however has, with the greatest justice, been pronounced by MURPHY (Johnson biographer) to be the "safest model for imitation." Whoever attempts to imitate JOHNSON, unless he possess great talents and an acute judgment, will almost infallibly become bombastical and ridiculous. HAWKESWORTH and GOLDSMITH, cotemporaries of JOHNSON were also writers of great celebrity. No essays are more admired than those of HAWKESWORTH in the "Adventurer." His allegorical pieces are perhaps exceeded by none in the English language. GOLDSMITH also is too well known to need any further remarks; a higher eulogy need not be passed on him than that by DR. JOHNSON, viz. that "he left no kind of writing untouched or unadorned by his pen."

MR. MACKENZIE principal author of the Mirror, a much admired periodical paper, has obtained the honourable title of the "ADDISON of the North," a more flattering one could not have been conferred on him; to say he merits it, is acknowledging him to be a writer of the greatest powers. By him the remarkable and unfortunate BURNS, the Scottish poet, was first brought into notice.

The poets of the present day are very numerous, though many of them very little known. They spring up and in a short time descend to oblivion. They of all other writers have (now) the least claim to originality. A poet, if he possess a happy faculty of harmonious versification, is allowed to possess considerable merit. There is not at present any English poet existing more worthy of general admiration than DR. WOLCOTT, alias PETER PINDAR. Living in an age and country where full opportunity is offered for the exercise of satirical talents,

he has used them to hold up many persons (with great justice) to contempt and ridicule. PETER PINDAR has often attacked many good and virtuous characters, who have had their failings, and whose political principles have differed from his own, in a manner unworthy a man of his talents. We may conclude that the same impulse which SWIFT could not resist, and which prompted him to ridicule the pious BOYLE by his "meditations on a broomstick!" actuates PINDAR when he ridicules the best characters.—It was justly observed by COLEMAN, that

Pindar has often wanted grace
But he has never wanted wit.

Broad Grist.

I have now mentioned a few of the best writers by whose works the world has been instructed and amused. Modern ones almost innumerable might be added, and it was my intention at first to have done so, but I have already written more perhaps than will be read; therefore it will be as well to omit them. On a review of the whole, few can be named who may be called writers of any extraordinary merit; and we may say of them that we have "little to admire and less to imitate." The remark of TERENCE in my motto may with justice be applied to them.* A want of originality pervades most of them, and of course renders them dry and uninteresting. Among those which are of superior merit, are COWPER, SOUTHY, BEATTIE, ROGERS, CAMPBELL, and BLOOMFIELD; especially the first, who was acknowledged to be the first poet of his time.

In conclusion I shall now apply these remarks to myself. A great want of "originality" is no doubt discernible in many of my pieces, which exposes them to the censure of those who are disposed to find fault. I am however the more excusable when it is considered how general a defect it is in modern composition. Those whose works are produced only by intense study and great care, scarcely avoid it; how then can I who write only when prompted by the impulse of the moment. On common and familiar topics, less new can be said than on more abstruse ones, because being better understood, they have been more handled by those who write (as I do) only for amusement. It is therefore my wish that "the better may please" and the worse meet with indulgence. P.

* Nothing is now said, that has not before been advanced.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

AT a meeting of the 26 letters of the alphabet, convened at college-hall, 17th July, 1804; an accusation, was made by W against his next neighbour V, for robbery and imposition: both the accusation, and V's defence were ordered to be laid before the public.

ACCUSATION.

GENTLEMEN,

IT is well known to all of you, how much I have been injured by this villain V, and how much delight he takes in insulting, and driving me from one station to another, often usurping my place, and compelling me to sit or stand wherever he may think proper; nay, even without the least shadow of reason, forcing me into companies which I despise, and thrusting his own diminutive person into assemblies, where I alone have a right to preside. You are well acquainted, Gentlemen, with that singular modesty which I have always preserved towards all the other letters; as in appearance and respectability I might claim the first place in the alphabet: I am contented even to stand after V. But this fellow, not content with my submission and forbearance, ungenerously taking the advantage of my easy temper, has insulted and robbed me in the most unreasonable and unlawful manner. Perhaps he may plead as a palliation of his conduct that he is more honorable, being of more noble extraction, or higher origin than I: Although this were true, it would by no means follow, that he should tyrannize over me; especially as our republican government is bound to protect every one from tyranny and oppression. But I hope I shall be able to prove to your satisfaction, that my origin is equal if not superior to his. Going as far back as Palamedes or Cadmus, we will find that my progenitor U, was not only a most respectable personage, but also stood conspicuous in the highest and most exalted stations.* Being begotten by him at our arrival in England, my respectable appearance entitled me to the name which I now bear. But, Gentlemen, this V seems always to have been an usurper. Father can bear witness how often he has endeavoured to expel him from your company; but finding that impossible, he has turned all his schemes against me. As to his origin, I expected he was an illegitimate, child which father might have begotten during his residence in Rome; however, on consulting the *symphonogrammatical*

table of our family, I find that, although his origin may be as ancient as Moses, yet he has no great reason to boast of it, for his father was a little, crooked, short, hump-backed fellow, with a head † at least as large as his whole body, and in short received his name from his deformity. Indeed his character was so notoriously villainous, that he has never been admitted into any genteel company, except among the Hebrews. Such, gentlemen, is the progenitor of V, and I appeal to all your judgments, which of us is the more honorable in our ancestry. But some gentlemen may say, that V resembles me very much in shape and appearance, and may therefore be said to be one half of myself; and that, in suffering myself to be ruled by V, I do no more, than the greatest part of the men of sense in the United States; for every man knows that where these *half-selves* do not get their own will, they will turn every thing upside down. In answer to this I beg leave to observe, that persons may resemble each other very much, and yet be no relations at all, and also that V resembles me no more in size than a common ox does the mammoth; and I can also assure you, gentlemen, that V is not of the feminine gender, and, therefore, cannot be supposed to be 'one half of myself.'

I ask pardon gentlemen for delaying so long, refuting such weak and trivial objections, and, as I am confident my antagonist can produce none stronger, I shall come to the point, and give you an account of his villainies, how he has defrauded and robbed me, not only of my property, but also of my lawful rights and privileges, which I have always enjoyed unmolested, ever since I became a member of your society. The beginning of these injuries happened a little after his Excellency William Penn brought us across the Atlantic, and planted us in this flourishing city. At first he made bold to filch a few words, and appropriate them to himself, calling them *word*, *vater*, *villing*, and the like. From these, however, he soon advanced to higher indignities, for he not only deprived me of *water*, but took from me *wine*, and with it the company of most of the spirited fellows in the city; and now instead of my respectable figure standing before it, it is dwindled into *vine*, what a contrast!

There is nothing I hate worse than

acids of any kind, and if I remember right never stood in the front of one of them; and yet this tyrannical villain, grown bold by having so often succeeded in his villainies, compels me to take the first place in the sourest of them all, and will have them called *witriol* and *winegar*. It would be endless to recount his depredations and impositions; but what hurts me worst of all, is his ungenerous malicious attempt to rob me of the light of heaven, by seizing upon the windows. And here I cannot help complaining of another attack by R, who also has made bold to rob me of a few words, and to add himself at the end; so that now the light is entirely excluded from my chamber, for want of the *windows*.

Gentlemen, I have not laid before you one tenth part of the injuries I have sustained, the recapitulation would engross all the time allotted to us, besides, many of you have been eye-witnesses of them. And I have reason to expect you will be impartial judges; so, to your discretion and love of rectitude, as well as to the justice of my cause, I appeal for satisfaction. W.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

CHANGE.

DUNSTAN, abbot of Glasterbury, among other unfounded things which he imposed on the credulous multitude, reported that the devil appeared to him in his cell; and tempted him more than usual; when, provoked at his importunity, he *pinned his nose with a red hot pair of pincers*, which caused him to yelp in such a manner, that filled the whole neighbourhood with his cries. A mother reading this circumstance a few days ago in presence of her children, was asked by one of them, a boy of seven years old, the following curious question—Why mamma would the devil be such a fool to stay till he heated the tongs?—Thus we see, that tales which in those days of superstition gained the greatest credit, would not in this more civilized age, be believed by a child of seven years of age!!

OBSERVER.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

ANECDOTE.

A Young Lady seeing one of our beaux pass, who was dressed *a la mode*, observed, "Heavens! only look at that fellow,

* As in *ὄπισθ*, *ὀψος*, *ὀψιφος*, &c.

† *Vae*, i. e. a little club or bat.

—well I do really believe the gentlemen will next wear *petticoats*!"—To which an old Lady very gravely replied—"Indeed Miss, I think the two sexes seem bent upon an exchange; for the Ladies' dresses, *approach very near to breeches*!!"

ANECDOTE

OF THE CZAR IVAN OF RUSSIA.

THE Czar Ivan, who reigned over Russia about the middle of the sixteenth century, frequently went out disguised, in order to discover the opinion which the people entertained of his administration. One day, in a solitary walk near Moscow, he entered a small village, and pretending to be overcome by fatigue, implored relief from several of the inhabitants. His dress was ragged; his appearance mean; and what ought to have excited the compassion of the villagers, and ensured his reception, was productive of refusal. Full of indignation at such inhuman treatment, he was just going to leave the place, when he perceived another habitation, to which he had not applied for assistance. It was the poorest cottage in the village. The Emperor hastened to this, and knocked at the door; a peasant opened it, and asked him what he wanted.—"I am almost dying with fatigue and hunger," answered the Czar; "can you give me a lodging for one night?" "Alas!" said the peasant, taking him by the hand, "you will have but poor fare; you are at an unlucky time: My wife is in labor; her cries will not let you sleep: But come in, come in; you will at least be sheltered from the cold; and such as we have you shall be welcome to."—The peasant then made the Czar enter a little room full of children; in a cradle were two infants sleeping soundly; a girl, three years old, was sleeping on a rug near the cradle; while her two sisters, the one five years old, the other seven, were on their knees, crying, and praying to God for their mother who was in a room adjoining, and whose piteous complaints and groans were distinctly heard.—"Stay here," said the peasant to the Emperor, "I will go and get something for your supper."—He went out and soon returned with some black bread, eggs and honey.—"You see all I can give you," said the peasant; "partake of it with my children. I must go and assist my wife."—"Your charity, your hospitality," said the Czar, "must bring down blessings upon your house: I am

sure God will reward your goodness."—"Pray to God my good friend," replied the peasant, "pray to God Almighty that she may have a safe delivery; that is all I wish for."—"And is that all you wish to make you happy?"—"Happy! judge for yourself: I have five fine children; a dear wife that loves me; a father and mother both in health; and my labor is sufficient to support them all."—"Do your father and mother live with you?"—"Certainly, they are in the next room with my wife."—"But your cottage here is so very small!"—"It is large enough; it can hold us all."—The peasant then went to his wife, who an hour after was happily delivered. Her husband, in a transport of joy, brought the child to the Czar: "Look" said he, "look, this is the sixth she has brought me! What a fine hearty child he is! May God preserve him as he hath done my others!" The Czar, sensibly affected by this scene, took the infant in his arms: "I know" said he, "from the physiognomy of this child, that he will be quite fortunate, he will arrive, I am certain, at great preferment."—The peasant smiled at his prediction, and that instant the two eldest girls came to their new born brother, and their grand mother came also to take him back. The little ones followed her: And the peasant, laying himself down upon his bed of straw, invited the stranger to do the same. In a moment the peasant was in a sound and peaceful sleep; but the Czar, sitting up, looked around and contemplated everything with an eye of tenderness and emotion—the sleeping children and their sleeping father. An undisturbed silence reigned in the cottage.—"What a happy calm! What delightful tranquility!" said the Emperor: "Avarice and ambition, suspicion and remorse never enter here. How sweet is the sleep of innocence!"—In such reflections and on such a bed; did the mighty Emperor of all the Russias spend the night! The peasant awoke at the break of day, and his guest, taking leave of him said, "I must go to Moscow, my friend—I am acquainted there with a very benevolent man, to whom I shall take care to mention your kind treatment to me. I can prevail upon him to stand god father to your child. Promise me, therefore, that you will wait for me, that I may be present at the christening: I will be back in three hours at farthest. The peasant did not think much of this mighty promise; but in the good nature of his heart, he con-

sented however to the stranger's request.

The Czar immediately took his leave; the three hours were soon gone; and nobody appeared. The peasant, therefore, followed by his family, was preparing to carry his child to church; but as he was leaving his cottage, he heard on a sudden, the trampling of horses, and the rattling of many coaches. He looked out, and presently saw a multitude of horses, and a train of splendid carriages. He knew the imperial guards, and instantly called his family to come and see the Emperor go by. They all ran out in a hurry, and stood before the door. The horsemen and carriages soon formed a circular line; and, at last, the state coach of the Czar stopped, opposite the good peasant's door. The guards kept back the crowd, which the hopes of seeing their sovereign had collected together. The coach door was opened; the Czar alighted, and advancing to his host, thus addressed him: "I promised you a god father: I am come to fulfil my promise; give me your child, and follow me to the church."—The peasant stood like a statue; now looked at the Emperor with the mingled emotions of astonishment and joy; now observing his magnificent robes, and the costly jewels with which they were adorned; and now turned to the crowd of nobles that surrounded him. In this profusion of pomp he could not discover the poor stranger who had laid all night with him upon the straw. The Emperor, for some moments, silently enjoyed his perplexity, and then addressed him thus: "Yesterday you performed the duties of humanity: To day I am come to discharge the most delightful duty of a sovereign, of recompensing virtue. I shall not remove you from a situation to which you do so much honour, and the innocence and tranquility of which I envy. But I will bestow upon you such things as may be useful to you. You shall have numerous flocks, rich pastures, and a house that will enable you to exercise the duties of hospitality with pleasure. Your new born child shall be my ward; for you may remember," continued the Emperor, smiling, "that I prophesied he would be fortunate."—The good peasant could not speak; but with tears of grateful sensibility in his eyes, he ran instantly to fetch the child, brought him to the Emperor, and laid him respectfully at his feet. This excellent sovereign was quite affected: he took the child in his arms and carried him to church; and,

after the ceremony was over, unwilling to deprive him of his mother's milk, he took him to the cottage, and ordered that he should be sent to him, as soon as he could be weaned. The Czar faithfully observed his engagement, caused the boy to be educated in his palace, provided amply for his future settlement in life, and continued ever after to heap favours upon the virtuous peasant and his family.

HISTORICAL ANECDOTE.

OF CHARLES THE FIRST AND LORD FALKLAND.

King Charles the First being at Oxford during the civil wars, went one day to visit the public library. Among other books, he was shewn a very beautiful impression of Virgil; Lord Falkland, who waited on his Majesty, thinking to amuse him, proposed his consulting the *Sortes Virgilianæ* on his good fortune. It is well known that our ancestors were very much addicted to that sort of superstition. The King smiled, and opened the book, and the first passage that occurred was this—"Et bello audaces, &c. *Æneid*, lib. 4, that, conquered by a warlike people, driven from his states, separated from his son Ascanius, he should be forced to go and beg foreign succour; that he should see his associates massacred before his eyes; that after making a shameful peace, he should neither enjoy his kingdom nor his life; that he should meet with an untimely death; and that his body should for ever be deprived of sepulchre."—The King shewed some uneasiness at this prediction, and Falkland perceiving it, was in a hurry to consult himself the lot, in hopes of hitting upon some passage that did not relate to his situation, and might divert his Majesty's thoughts to other subjects. Opening the book himself, he found the regrets of Evander for the untimely loss of his son—

"Non hæc, O Pallas, dederas, &c.

ÆNEID, lib. xii.

O Pallas, thou didst promise not to expose thyself imprudently to the danger of war. Is it so thou hast kept thy promise? Well did I know how much the passion of glory in its birth animates a young man, and how far the pleasure of signalizing himself in a first battle may grieve him. Deplorable essay! Fatal initiation in the science of arms! Alas! all the Gods have been deaf to my solicitations."—Lord Falkland was Secretary

of State, was present at the first battle of Newbery, and charging vigorously the rebel cavalry, was killed at the age of thirty-four.

AGRICULTURE.

IT is related, that a certain Chinese Emperor, when a rich mine had been discovered and opened in his dominions, ordered it to be shut; alleging that it would injure the public, by diverting the people from the industrious pursuits of husbandry. This imperial mandate was not so chimerical and unreasonable as most people might think it to be. Any thing that tends to a general relaxation of industry is a public evil, and, even though it should bring temporary riches, would be sure to terminate in poverty.

The acquisition of the Spanish mines rendered the Spaniards, firstly rich, then lazy, and finally poor. And if there are now vastly rich and extensive mines (a thing not impossible) within the United States, far distant be that inauspicious day that shall discover them to the inhabitants. The discovery of such mines would be a great national calamity, as they would become a substitute for industry, and would tend, first to idleness, pride and luxury, and ultimately to national poverty and wretchedness:—and more particularly, as they would draw off the attention of people from cultivating the surface of the earth, which is an infinitely better source of national wealth, than digging gold from its bowels.

In such a vast agricultural country as is ours, husbandry ought to be the first and principal occupation, which should employ at least nine tenths of its male inhabitants.—And men who would be expert and excellent farmers, must make this their only calling; for it is a business that requires study and forethought, and daily care and attention.

THE TRUE AMBITION OF AN HONEST MIND.

WERE I to describe the blessings I desire in life, I would be happy in a few, but faithful friends. Might I choose my talent, it should rather be good sense, than learning. I would consult, in the choice of my house, convenience rather than state; and for my circumstances, desire a moderate but independent fortune.—Business—enough to secure me from indolence, and leisure enough always to have an hour to spare. I would have no master, and I desire

but few servants, I would not be led away by ambition nor perplexed with disputes. I would enjoy the blessing of health, but would rather be beholden for it to a regular life and an easy mind, than to the school of Hippocrates. As to my passions, since we cannot be wholly divested of them, I would hate only those whose manners rendered them odious, and love only where I know I ought. Thus would I pass cheerfully through that portion of my life which cannot last always, and with resignation wait for that which will last forever.

KNAVERY.

KNAVERY is in such perpetual motion, that it hath not always leisure to look to its own steps; it is like sliding upon skates, no motion so smooth or swift, but none gives so terrible a fall.

GOVERNMENT.

A nation is best to be judged by the government it is under at the time. Mankind is moulded to good or ill, according as the power over it is well or ill directed. A nation is a mass of dough, it is the government that kneadeth it into form.

Philadel^a, June 23, 1804.

At a Methodist conference held at Baltimore on the 7th ult. 107 ministers were present.—

Richard Q. Hopkins, chief clerk in the Post office, Boston, has been detected in embezzling money to a considerable amount.

MARRIED—on Thursday evening, 14th inst. by the rev. Mr. Abercrombie, Mr. Richard Barrington, to Miss Ellen Conner.

—same evening, by the rev. Dr. Rogers, Mr. Thomas H. Griffith, of Oxford, Philadelphia county, to Miss Elizabeth Johnson, of this city.

DIED—on the seventh instant, Edmund Physick, Esq. aged 78 years—formerly Receiver General and Keeper of the Great Seals of the then Province of Pennsylvania.

—On Friday morning the 15th inst. in the 79th year of her age, Mrs. Elizabeth Barge, wife of Jacob Barge, of this city.

To Correspondents.

Poetical selections by X, are grateful received, and shall be inserted with pleasure.

ERRATA—In "Lines addressed to a young lady on the death of her brother"—page 192, line 14, read,— Softens the sorrows of a mind distress'd,

line 26, read— Where threatening clouds obscure the trackless plain,

line 32, read,— And death, alone, could all our bliss destroy.

ADELIO.

Temple of the Muses.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

THE FAREWELL.

Addressed to a young lady on her departure from Annapolis.

TO you I address the first lays of my muse,
Since with us you no longer will dwell,
The tribute I trust that you will not refuse,
As I came for to bid you—*Farewell!*

Farewell then fair maid, and believe me sincere,
When I tell you it grieves me to part;
That you may be happy shall be my first pray'r
For it is the first wish of my heart.

But why for such virtue, need pray'rs be bestow'd,
Neither pray'rs nor good wishes you need,
For long as kind Providence favours the good,
You must surely be happy indeed.

Full oft as fond fancy shall bring thee to view,
On your goodness I'll constantly dwell;
But still, tho' each moment reminds me of you
With reluctance I bid you—*Farewell!* S.

THE UNCULTURED SAVAGE AND THE SLAVE OF LUXURY.

AND happier far, in nature's early stage,
The Savage, struggling with a barbarous age,
By want surrounded, and by danger fed,
The cave his shelter and the rock his bed;
Than fortune's silken sons, in luxury born,
Where plenty o'er them pour'd her golden horn;
Who, foes to art, by culture unrestrain'd,
Reel o'er the bowl, by feverish passions drain'd,
Or doze out life, on sloth's dull couch reclined,
And listless droop in apathy of mind.

Ah! I have heard their unavailing sigh,
Seen life's dull picture in their rayless eye,
Seen from their palsied hand the goblet fall,
Seen, as they stoop'd to taste, the banquet pall;
Seen them, habitual slaves of daily vice,
Grasp, with familiar fiends the loaded dice;
While beauty, with'ring in a widow'd bed,
O'er her lorn babes the tear unpitied shed;
Seen them worn out in manhood's golden prime,
Droop like hoar age beneath the load of time,
And, ah! in youth, in health and beauty's bloom,
By mad self-slaughter, stain th' unhallow'd tomb.

THE ART OF ACTING.

STICK close to art, turn nature out of door,
Rant, rant away, 'till you can rant no more.

STANZAS.

[From the Portuguese of Camoens.]

I SAW the virtuous man contend
With life's unnumbered woes:
And he was poor—without a friend—
Press'd by a thousand woes.

I saw the passions' pliant slave,
In gallant trim and gay;
His course was Pleasure's placid wave,
His life, a summer's day.

And I was caught in Folly's snare,
And join'd her giddy train;
But found her soon the nurse of Care,
And punishment, and pain.

There surely is some guiding power
Which rightly suffers wrong;
Gives Vice to bloom its little hour—
But Virtue, late and long!

LINES,

Occasion'd by a Series of THEOLOGICAL ENQUIRIES.

SHALL man, who blindly wanders nature thro'
Dark and impervious to his nearest view;
Shall he, to God, his eyes presumptuous turn,
And hope from whence, and what *he* is, to learn!

O! first and last! O! greatest wisest, best!
To thee be still my pray'rs and praise address,
Nor let me boast that I to ask am free,
How he *now* is, who ne'er *began* to *be*;
How love immense, that form'd creation's plan,
Could unexerted lie, till time began;
Or if all nature's works and all their laws
Are co-eternal with their parent-cause,
Spontaneous beaming with dependent ray,
As from the sun the light that gives the day;
If all the vast immensity of space
Is fill'd with beings of an endless race;

Or, if some narrower bounds the work confine,
And why thus bounded love and pow'r divine;
Whence the deep shades of sin and sorrow came,
And evil mingled with the gen'ral frame;
Why spread the dark dominions of the grave,
Or why I wish more virtue than I have.
These secret things to none but Thee are known,
Veil'd in the darkness that surrounds thy throne.
O! let my soul be still content to know,
Thy love, thy wisdom rules the world below.
Secure, my lot the blessing or the rod,
To find a father where I trace the God;
While hope by thee permitted looks on high,
And, as her portion, meditates the sky,
Safe in the path which terminates above,
Secur'd from wand'ring, while I walk by love.—

O! brighter still illumine the social flame,
Thy shining image! in my filial frame;
By just gradation let my love ascend,
All else my neighbours, thou alone my friend.

THE WILL OF A MACARONI.

IN the name of my good friend, old Satan, Amen;
I, TIMOTHY SPRIGGS, my last testament pen:
For, tho' in full health, yet with sorrow I find,
That I daily grow weaker and weaker in mind.
And therefore, while yet I've some sense, will bequeath
In the following manner what I have to leave;
Which I beg *Billy Dimple* with care to fulfil,
Whom I make the executor sole of my will.

First, as to my body, which, living, to dress
Gave me always more pleasure than words can express,
'Tis my will, they be careful to keep cool the room
Where it lies, till the day of its burial come;
That the remnants of him, who was once a sweet man,
May be kept sweet as long as they possibly can.
Let the coffin be well lined with satin within
That the boards may not rub by their roughness my skin;

Then in it my body with decency place,
In a shirt of fine Holland, with ruffles of lace,
First dressing my hair, and perfuming my face.

To the *Mac* of the bar I bequeath all my works,
Ten volumes in folio, of quibbles and quirks;
With arguments suited to fit ev'ry cause,
False pleadings, false cases, demurrers, and flaws.

My just reputation for courage let those
Inherit, who don't care to earn one by blows.
The method I got it is easy and plain,
I thrash'd those who dared not turn on me again;
And this way, I know, is exactly the same
As gains all the *Mac*s of the army their fame;
Their motto, like mine, being Falstaff's expression,
'The best of all valour consists in discretion.'

I further bequeath to each physical *Mac*,
Pulse-feeler, vein-bleeder, drng-mixer, or quack,
My grandfather's wig, cane, and suit of old black,
But as to my brilliant, and handkerchiefs white,
The *Mac*s of the pulpit claim them as their right.

To all *Mac*s in trade I my honesty give,
'Twill teach them, when times are the hardest to live,
My sense, independence, uprightness, and spirit,
Let Placemen, Politicians, and Patriots, inherit.
To the women I give my perfumes, bergamots,
Pastes, patches, pins, powders, pomatums, and pots;
With my vanity, lying, impertinence, pride,
Ill-nature, and scandal,—to deck their inside.

My ignorance, impudence, fondness for toys,
And knowledge in dress, I bestow upon boys;
(Observing that under that title I mean
All youths, of whatever degree, turn'd fifteen;)
As qualifications most proper hereafter,
To finish a *Mac* of the very first water.

And, having thus given my all, I proceed
To sign, seal, and deliver, as my act and deed.

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